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K THE
A P O L L O:
OR, THE
MUSES CHOICE:
BEING A
C O L L E C T I O N

Of the most celebrated

New Songs,

SUNG AT

*Ranelagh, Vauxhall, Marybone-Gardens
&c. &c.*



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. PRIDDEN, Bookseller, at the
Feathers, in Fleetstreet, 1759.

(Price One Shilling.)

THE

A B O L O :

THE



OF THE

COLLECTION

OF THE

NEW

AT

Printed by J. P. ...

...



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Printed for J. P. ...

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(Price One Shilling.)



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(A)
COLLECTION
OF
SONGS.

SONG I.

Sung by Mrs. Vincent at Vauxhall.

FOR now the Snow Drops lift their Heads,
Cowslips rise from golden Beds,
Silver Lillies paint the Grove,
Welcome May and welcome Love.

Now the Bee on silver wings,
Flowery spoils unwearied brings ;
Spoils that nymphs and swains approve,
Soft as May and sweet as love.

Whilst a-down the slopy hill,
Trickles soft the purling rill :
Balmy Scents perfume the grove,
May unbends the soul to love.

Long the clay cold maid denies,
Nor regards her shepherd's sighs ;
Now your fond Petitions move,
May 's the season formed for love.

On the fair that decks our isle,
Let each grace and Virtue smile,
And our happy shepherds prove
Days of ease and nights of love.

B

SONG

(2)

S O N G II.

Sung by Miss Stevenson at Vauxhall.

Night to lovers joy's a friend,
Swiftly thy assistance lend ;
Lock up envious seeing day,
Bring the willing youth away ;
For haste and speed the tedious hour,
'To the secret happy bow'r ;
'Then my heart for bliss prepare,
'Thyrsis, surely, will be there.

See the hateful day is gone,
Welcome evening now comes on,
Soon to meet my dear I fly,
None but love shall then be by :
None shall dare to venture near,
'To tell the plighted vows they hear ;
Parting thence will be the pain,
But we will part to meet again.

Don't you feel a pleasing smart
Gently stealing to your heart ?
Fondly hope and fondly sigh,
For my Shepherd oft do I ;
Wish in Hymen's bands to join,
I'll be your's, and you be mine,
Tell me Thyrsis, tell me this,
Tell me then, and tell me yes.

Farewell loitring idle day,
To my dear I hie away,
On the wings of love I go,
He the ready way will show ;
Peace, my breast, nor danger fear,
Love and Thyrsis both are near.
'Tis the youth ! I am sure 'tis he !
Night how much I owe to thee.

S O N G

(3)

S O N G III.

Sung by Mr. Lowe at Vauxhall.

I Have rambl'd, I own it, whole years up and down,
And sigh'd o'er each beautiful nymph of the town,
Such fancies have plagu'd me, that oft in my life
I've been ready to start at the name of a wife.
I've been ready to start at the name of a wife.

But asham'd of my fears that have oft broke my rest,
And wearied with roving both cloy'd and unblest,
I'll try to be happy the rest of my life,
And venture too late, yet at last, on a wife.
And venture &c.

Then farewell the jilt, and the fool, and the bold,
I quit you with pleasure before I grow old;
One girl of my heart I will take to for life,
And enough of all conscience, I hold is one wife.
And enough of all, &c.

I'll search the town o'er this fair one to find,
Nor fickle, nor jealous, nor vain, nor unkind,
Whose wit and good humour may hold out for life,
And then if she'll have me, I'll make her my wife.
And then if, &c.

'Tis time that the follies of life had an end,
And soon, nay this instant, I'm ready to mend;
What a wonder ther'll be at so alter'd a life,
If you'er wise, you like me, will resolve on a wife.

S O N G IV.

Sung by Miss Stevenson and Mr. Lowe at Vauxhall.

DAPHNE.

TELL me Amyntor, gentle swain,
Saw you my love trip o'er the plain;

Soon as the sun brought on the day,
From yonder cott he stole away.

AMYNTOR.

As I passed thro' that distant vill,
A wake was kept beneath the hill,
I heard the ecchoing rocks resound,
For Strephon has his Sylvia crown'd.

DAPHNE.

Then fly regard, dissolve in air !
For one that's false I'll scorn to care ;
My heart I'll give some better swain,
Who has a heart to give again.

AMYNTOR.

Then fix it here, I'll own the prize,
Amyntor for his Daphne dies,
And longs in Hymen's band to prove
With you, the joys of mutual love.

DAPHNE.

Methinks I've heard, or 'tis a jest,
That Flavia reigns within your breast,
What room then for a wretched maid,
Who is rejected and betray'd.

AMYNTOR.

Flavia, believe me, yester morn
E'er Sol had brush'd the dewy thorn,
By Cynthis to the church was led,
Tho' bound to grace my nuptial bed.

DAPHNE.

Then welcome shepherd, come away,
My heart and hand shall both obey ;
Whilst others dare inconstant prove,
'Till Death forbid, we'll live and love.

S O N G

SONG V.

AS last we parted on the plain,
 Fond Damon seem'd full loth to go;
 He kiss'd, and said, that soon again
 He'd come, and would not leave me so:
 For that, says he, the time is near,
 And then, my love, I do design
 (It is the best day in the year)
 To come and be your valentine.

I wish'd the tedious hours to fly,
 And long'd the look'd for day to see,
 And as the time then grew so nigh,
 How blest thought I, will Nancy be.
 The morning came, and at my door
 I heard a noise, that said, incline
 For once dear girl, if never more,
 To rise and be my valentine.

A thousand fears disturb my mind,
 'Twas Thyrfis there, in Damon's stead;
 I thought my youth was quite unkind,
 Nor knew what should be done or said.
 I hop'd it could not be a sin,
 In spite to Damon, now not mine;
 I let the kinder Thirfis in,
 And was that Shepherd's valentine.

Nor what I did, I now repent,
 For fickle Damon, soon as light,
 To Lucy on that morning went,
 Nor has been since from out her sight.
 And Thirfis late, but half lov'd swain,
 Is now both all and only mine;
 I bless the time, that once was pain,
 He came to be my valentine.

SONG VI.

Sung by Mr LOWE.

COME, thou rosy dimpl'd Boy,
 Source of ev'ry heart-felt Joy!
 Leave the blisful Bow'rs a while,
 Paphos and the Cyprian Isle.
 Visit Britain's rocky Shore,
 Britons too thy Pow'r adore;
 Britons hardy, bold and free,
 Own thy Laws and yield to thee.
 Source of ev'ry heart felt Joy!
 Come, thou rosy dimpled Boy.

Haste to Sylvia, haste away,
 This is thine and Hymen's day;
 Bid her thy soft Bondage wear,
 Bid her for Love's Rites prepare.
 Let the Nymphs with many a Flow'r,
 Deck the sacred nuptial bow'r;
 Thither lead the lovely fair,
 And let hymen too be there;
 This is thine and hymen's day,
 Haste to Sylvia, haste away.

Only while we love we live;
 Love alone can pleasure give.
 Pow'r, and pomp, and tinsel state,
 Those false pageants of the great!
 Crowns and scepters, envied things,
 And the pride of eastern kings,
 Are but childish empty toys,
 When compar'd to love's sweet joys.
 Love alone can pleasure give,
 Only while we love we live.

SONG VII.

Sung by Miss Stevenson, at Vauxhall.

WHAT is he gone, and can it be ?
 And is she then more fair than me ?
 The sight of her might give me pain ;
 Bring her not near me, fickle swain.
 And since that you can leave me so,
 Go, get you gone for ever, go.

Oh ! I in rage would madly tear,
 This gaudy ribbon from my hair ;
 These hated gifts I'd have him take,
 I'll wear no baubles for his sake.
 I scorn the gifts, and hand untrue,
 For her they well enough may do.

How near was I, when with a kiss,
 He ask'd my heart to answer yes ;
 To hear him at the altar say
 Vows, he'd have broke the soonest day :
 There he may love and take his fill,
 And swear to her just what he will.

A rival's pow'r I now defy,
 She may be blest and so will I ;
 Before 'tis long I'm sure to find,
 A swain more suited to my mind ;
 Then farewell, Florio, now for good,
 I would not have you if I cou'd.

SONG VIII.

*The LASS with her DELICATE AIR.**Sung by Mr. LOWE.*

YOUNG Molly who lives at the foot of the hill,
 Whose fame ev'ry virgin with envy does fill ;
 Of

Of beauty is blest with so ample a share,
That men call her the lass with the delicate air.

One evening, last May, as I travers'd the grove,
In thoughtless retirement, not dreaming of love ;
I chanced to spy the gay nymph, I declare,
And really she'd got a most delicate air.

By a murmuring brook on a green mossy bed,
A chaplet composing, the fair one was laid ;
Surpriz'd and transported I could not forbear,
With raptures to gaze on her delicate air.

For that moment young Cupid selected a dart,
And pierc'd without pity, my innocent heart ;
And from thence how to gain the dear maid was my
care,
For, a captive I fell to her delicate air.

When she saw me, she blush'd, and complain'd I
was rude,
And begg'd of all things that I would not intrude ;
I answer'd, I could not tell how I came there,
But laid all the blame on her delicate air.

Said, her heart was the prize which I sought to
obtain,
And hop'd that she'd give it to ease my fond pain ;
She neither rejected, nor granted my prayer,
But fir'd all my soul with her delicate air.

A thousand times since I've repeated my suit,
But still the tormentor affects to be mute ;
Then tell me, ye swains, who have conquer'd the
fair,
How to win the dear lass with the delicate air.

SONG IX.

*Set by Dr. Boyce. Sung by Miss Young, in the
Character of Wit.*

PLUTUS vain is all your vaunting,
Wit must life with bliss supply:
Gold, alas! should wit be wanting,
Would not find a joy to buy.

Wit, alone creates the blessing,
Which exchang'd for gold you share,
Steril gold alone possessing,
What has man but gloom and care?

Wit of ev'ry art deviser,
Ev'ry passion can controul,
Can to pity move the miser,
Can with mirth dilate the soul.
Gold itself, on wit depending,
Thence derives its utmost power;
Folly, all profusely spending,
Folly hoarding all is poor.

SONG X.

Sung by Mrs. Vincent, at Vauxhall.

THE lark's shrill notes awakes the morn,
The breezes wave the ripen'd corn;
The yellow harvest safe from spoil,
Rewards the happy farmer's toil.
The flowing bowl succeeds the flail,
O'er which he tells the jocund tale.

SONG XI.

HONOUR. Sung by Mr. Low, at Vauxhall.

THE flame of love sincere I felt,
And screen'd the passion long;

A tyrant in my soul it dwelt,
 But awe suppress'd my tongue.
 At length I told the dearest maid,
 My heart was fixt upon her ;
 But think not I can love, she said,
 Not I, upon my honour.

The heart that once is roving caught,
 The prudent nymph distrusts ;
 And must it for a youthful fault,
 Be ever deem'd unjust ?
 So Celia judg'd, so sense decreed,
 And bad me still to shun her ;
 Your suit, she said, wont here succeed,
 It won't, upon my honour.

Too long, I cried, I've been to blame,
 I with a sigh confess ;
 But thou who can'st the rake reclaim,
 My new born passion bless.
 Had ev'ry nymph like Celia prov'd,
 I could not have undone her ;
 On thee, bright maid, thou best belov'd,
 I doat, upon my honour.

A while the fair my suit repress,
 My constancy to prove ;
 Then with a blush, consent express,
 And blest me with her love.
 To church I led the blooming fair,
 Enraptur'd that I'd won her ;
 And now life's sweetest joys we share,
 We do upon my honour.

S O N G XII.

The words by a Lady of Quality. Set by Dr. Boyce.

WHILE on my Collin's knee I sit,
Lur'd by thy voice, charm'd with thy wit;
My panting heart true measure beats,
And gladly ev'ry sigh repeats.
I sigh with joy, that thou may'st see,
I sympathise in all with thee.

No matter how the ice was broke,
Or whether you or I first spoke;
Who only barter love for love,
The niceness of the passion prove;
For oft ingratitude we give,
And sometimes gen'rously receive,

Levell'd by love, let neither try,
To fix superiority.
Since all the kind the fond contest,
Of whether you or I love best:
Like heedless touching a wrong key,
But jars the sound of harmony.

S O N G XIII.

Sung by Mr. Lowe, in the Conscious Lovers.

DOES the languid soul complain?
Virtuous love shall chase the pain.
Or if love would truth attend,
Honour should be virtue's friend.

Glory is not half so fair,
As bright virtue's rising star;
Female truth with sense combin'd,
Wins and claims the gen'rous mind.

S O N G

S O N G X I V .

Sung by Miss Stevenson.

AS Thyrsis reclin'd by her side he lov'd best,
 With a sigh, her soft hand to his bosom he prest
 While his passion he breath'd in the groves.
 As the bird to his nest still returns for repose,
 As back to its fountain the constant stream flows,
 So true and unchang'd is my love.

If e'er this heart roves or revolts from its chains,
 May Ceres in rage quit the vallies and plains ;
 May Pan his protection deny.
 In vain would young Phillis and Laura be kind,
 On the lips of another no raptures I find ;
 With thee, as I've liv'd, so I'll die.

More still had he sworn, but the Queen of the May,
 Young Jenny the wanton, by chance, pass'd that way,
 And sought sweet repose in the shade.
 With sorrow, young lovers, I tell the sad tale,
 The lass was alluring, the shepherd was frail,
 And forgot e'ery vow he had made.

To comfort the nymph, and her loss to supply,
 In the form of Alexis, young Cupid drew nigh,
 Of shepherds the envy and pride.
 Ah ! blame not the maid, if o'er come by truth,
 Her hand and her heart she bestow'd on the youth,
 And next morning beheld her his bride.

Learn rather from Sylvia's example, ye fair,
 That a pleasing revenge should take place of despair,
 Give sorrow and care to the wind.
 If faithful the swain, to his passion be true ;
 If false, seek redress from a lover that's new,
 And pay each inconstant in kind.

S O N G

SONG XV.

Howb ob On FRIENDSHIP.

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
 And friendship a jewel we seldom can meet;
 How strange does it seem that in searching all round,
 This source of content is so rare to be found.
 O Friendship thou balm and rich sweetner of life,
 Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife;
 Without thee, alas! what are riches and pow'r
 But empty delusions, the joys of an hour.

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd, is a friend
 On whom we may always with safety depend;
 Our joys when extended will always increase,
 And griefs when divided, are hush'd into peace.
 When fortune is smiling, what crowds will appear
 Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere;
 Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,
 No longer to court you they eagerly press.

SONG XVI.

The TEMPEST of WAR.

LET the tempest of war be heard from afar,
 While the trumpeter's shrill clangor alarms;
 Let the valleys around, with eccho resound,
 And a terrible clashing of arms.

Let rivers of blood run down in the flood,
 While mortals are gasping for breath;
 Let the brave if they will, love honour and skill,
 Seek glory and conquest in death.

To live sole and retire, is all my desire,
 With my flocks and my Chloe possess;
 For with them we obtain true peace without pain,
 And a lasting enjoyment of rest.

In a cottage or cell, where shepherds do dwell
 In innocence, freedom and ease ;
 We lead peaceable lives, who are blest with good
 wives,
 That study their husbands to please.

What blessings below, can heav'n bestow,
 Excelling such quiet as this ;
 No affliction comes here, no griefs interfere,
 To lessen our measure of blifs.

S O N G XVII.

Sung by Miss Hooper.

A Man that's neither high nor low
 In party or in stature ;
 A rake, a rattle, or a beau,
 And unus'd to flatter.
 Let him not be a learned fool,
 Who nods o'er musty books ;
 Who eats and drinks and lives by rule,
 And weighs our words and looks.
 Let him be easy, free and gay,
 Of dancing never tir'd ;
 Have something always smart to say,
 Yet si ent when requir'd.
 Let him be rich, not covetous,
 Nor gen'rous to excess ;
 Willing that I should keep the purse,
 And please my self in dress.
 A little courage let him have,
 From insults to protect me,
 Provided he is not too brave,
 As e'er to contradict me.

Ten thousand pounds a year I like,
 But if it so much can't be,
 You seven from the ten may take,
 I'll be content with three.

His face no matter if 'tis plain,
 But let it not be fair ;
 The man is sure my heart to gain,
 Who can with this compare :
 And if some lord should chance to agree
 With this above description,
 Tho' I'm not fond of quality,
 It shall be no objection.

S O N G XVIII.

Song in the REPRISAL.

Sung by Miss Macklin at Drury Lane.

FROM the man whom I love, tho' my heart I
 disguise,

I will freely describe the wretch I despise ;
 And if he has sense but to ballance a straw,
 He will sure take a hint from the picture I draw.

A wit without sense, without fancy a beau ;
 Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow :
 A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon,
 In courage a hind, in conceit a Gascoon.

As a Vulture rapacious, in falshood a fox ;
 Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks :
 As a tyger ferocious, perverse as a hog ;
 In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.

In a word to sum up all his talents together,
 His heart is of lead, and his brains are of feather ;
 Yet if he has sense but to ballance a straw,
 He will sure take a hint from the picture I draw.

S O N G X I X .

HAD Neptune, when first he took charge of
the sea,

Been as wise, or at least been as merry as we,
He had thought better on't, and instead of his brine,
Would have fill'd the vast ocean with generous wine.

What trafficking then would have been on the main,
For the sake of good liquor as well as for gain :
No fear then of tempest, or danger of sinking,
The fishes ne'er drown that are always a drinking.

The hot thirsty sun would drive on with more haste,
Secure in the evening of such a repast ;
And when he'd got tipsy, would taken his nap,
With double the pleasure in Thetis's lap.

By the force of his rays and thus heated with wine,
Consider how gloriously Phoebus would shine ;
What vast exhalations he'd draw up on high,
To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply.

How happy us mortals when blest with a rain,
To fill all our vessels and fill them again ;
Nay even the beggar that has ne'er a dish,
Might jump in the river and drink like a fish.

What mirth and contentment on every brow,
Hob as great as a prince, dancing after his plow ;
The birds in the air, as they play on the wing,
Although they but sip would eternally sing.

The stars who I think don't do drinking incline,
Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine ;
And merrily twinkling, would soon let us know,
That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had

Had this been the case then what had we enjoy'd,
 Our spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd :
 A pox then on Neptune when 'twas in his pow'r,
 To slip, like a fool such a fortunate.

S O N G XX.

The NUN and FRIAR.

THE month of September,
 I well shall remember,
 On account of the flames and the fire,
 With which Juliet the nun,
 Full of frolic and fun,
 Sing'd the heart of the am'rous fryer.

The force of her kisses,
 And melting caresses,
 I'll with pleasure and extacy own ;
 For most certain it is,
 That one balmy kiss
 From her lips, would enliven a stone.

Then be silent, ye fools,
 Who by musty dull rules,
 Pretend your fierce passions to tame ;
 For without the blest aid,
 Of a kind hearted maid,
 Life is nothing but sorrow and pain.

S O N G XXI.

A NEW SONG.

BOAST not, mistaken hearted swain,
 To please my partial eyes ;
 The charms that have subdu'd my heart,
 Another may despise.

Thy face is to my humour made,
 Another it may fright,
 Perhaps, by some fond whim betray'd,
 In oddness I delight.

Vain youth ! to thy confusion know,
 'Tis to my loves excess
 You all your fancied beauties owe,
 Which fades as that grows less.

For your own sake, if not for mine,
 You should preserve my fire ;
 Since you, my swain, no more will shine,
 When I no more admire.

By me, indeed, you are allow'd
 The wonder of your kind ;
 But be not of my judgement proud,
 Whom love has render'd blind.

SONG XXII.

LET others boast of this and that,
 Praise Lucy's air, and Kitty's chat,
 Or Sally's face so pritty ;
 Nor Kitty's chat nor Lucy's air,
 Or Sally's beauty can compare,
 You think with Chop-house Betty.

At church, at park, at play, at ball,
 At Ranelagh, or sweet Vauxhall
 Where beauties roam, have met ye ;
 How often have ye sigh'd and cry'd,
 Your languid charms has oft been try'd,
 Nor dare ye vie with Betty.

To tavern tables, well prepar'd,
 How oft is mutton chop preferr'd,
 If by such charmer set ye;
 And when she waits, you fondly dream,
 Each smile some favour means to beam,
 T'wards you from pretty Betty.

But oh ! the soul delighting bliss !
 On her sweet lips to print a kiss,
 If she should kindly let ye;
 Then your blood rolls in tides of fire,
 And gentle love and strong desire,
 Are center'd all in Betty.

And when at sacred honour's call,
 Expos'd you stand to sword or ball,
 And dangers dread beset ye;
 E'en then your soul shall know no fear,
 But whilst the deadly foe you dare,
 Think less on death than Betty.

SONG XXIII.

BELINDA. *By Mr. Lockman.*

SEE Belinda fair as morning,
 With her flying steps advance;
 And Diana, like adorning
 The gay mazes of the dance.

Her each attitude how charming !
 With what grace she swims around,
 Sweetly every sense alarming,
 All are in her fetters bound.

Her enchanting form surveying,
 We a thousand beauties trace :
 Bands of little Cupids playing,
 Dart new lustre o'er her face.

Happy

Happy who the nymph possessing,
 On her bosom fondly sighs ;
 Were she mine, how vast the blessing,
 Kings might envy such a prize.

S O N G XXIV.

Sung by Miss Keene.

YE shepherds, ye nymphs, and ye swains,
 No more chant the sweet rural lay ;
 No more lead the flocks on the plains,
 For lo ! my dear love's gone astray.

My honest and free open heart,
 Unpractis'd in arts to deceive,
 The dictates of love would impart,
 I'd vow and she would believe.

She was innocent, blith, gay, and young,
 Oh ! how soft on my breast would she lie ;
 How oft my soft passion I've sung,
 While my flocks were a sporting hard by.
 Weep, weep, day and night nymph and swain,
 Since by fate we are doomed at last
 To indulge present grief, and in vain
 To think on the happiness past.

S O N G XXV.

THEN give thy hand, fair maid,
 And go to yonder Hazel grove ;
 A shady thicket there I know,
 Where twining woodbines wildly grow,
 Secure and fit for love.

No prying shepherd there can see,
 Nor tattling nymph reveal,
 What then may pass 'tween you and me,
 The joys of love should secret be ;
 Those raptures let us feel.

As free as linnets on the spray,
 A grassy couch our bed ;
 There let us kiss the noon away,
 Renew the sport at close of day,
 And laugh at those that's wed.

S O N G XXVI.

The CHEVAUX DE FRIZE.

A new Song, on the present fashionable CAPS.

NO longer let war be usurp'd by the men,
 Nor let them campaign it again and again ;
 For the ladies have robb'd 'em, and now when they
 please

Can fight with their weapons, the Chevaux de Frize.

No longer its needful to follow commanders,
 To America, Germany, France, or to Flanders,
 Walk but the Mall and each nymph that one sees,
 Can teach us the use of the Chevaux de Frize.

By the maxim of armies, indeed we must own,
 They 've been hitherto us'd as defensive alone,
 But the ladies, not govern'd by maxims like these,
 Both attack and defend with their Chevaux de Frize.

Besides in the field, it must not be forgot,
 These warlike machines were fix'd still on the spot ;
 But the ladies (so little their practice agrees)
 All carry about them their Chevaux de Frize.

Thus fatally arm'd at all points to annoy ;
 Before or behind, on each side they destroy :
 No safe guard in distance ; they kill us with ease,
 If we dare but to look at their Chevaux de Frize.

S O N G

SONG XXVII.

MYRTILLA *to* DAMON.

WHILE Damon whistles o'er the plain,
 So happy and so gay,
 And thoughtless sings the merriest strain,
 While nymphs attend the lay.

Forgetful of his former care,
 He seeks to charm anew ;
 And to some happy rival fair,
 Vows ever to be true.

How can he then mourn pleasures past,
 And sadly seem to tell,
 His griefs will ever fondly last ;
 Yet play the cheat so well.

Could I, like Damon, fickle prove,
 My heart might rest again ;
 But he still laughs at me and love,
 And faster holds my chain.

No longer then ye thoughtless fair,
 Believe the artful cheat ;
 For you alone he sets the snare,
 And forms it of deceit.

Trust me the tale who best can prove,
 By sad experience wise :
 Each may by turns obtain his love,
 But none can keep the prize.

SONG

S O N G XXVIII.

The NONPAREIL. *Sung at the Public Gardens.*

THE nymph that I lov'd was as bonny and gay,
And as sweet as the blossoming hawthorn
in May;

Her temper was smooth, as the downe on the dove,
And her face was as fair as the mother of love.

Tho' mild as the pleasantest zephyrs that streds,
And receives gentle odours from violet beds;
Yet warm in perfection as Phoebus at noon.
And as chaste as the silver white beams of the moon.

He mind was unfullied as new fallen snow;
Yet as lovely as tints from young Iris's bow:
As clear as the spring, and as deep as the flood,
She, tho' witty was wise, and tho' beautiful, good,

The sweets that each virtue or grace had in store,
She cull'd as the bee does the bloom of each flow'r;
Which treasur'd for me, O how happy was I,
For, tho' hers to collect, it was mine to enjoy.

S O N G XXIX.

The Gypsey. *Sung by Miss Hooper, at Sadler's-
Wells.*

AS thro' the gay green wood I happen'd to pass,
A gypsey sat under the shade;
Who told me full plain, by the lines of my
face;

My doom was to die an old maid.

Her prophecy fill'd me with grief and dismay,
And pierc'd my poor heart to the quick;
Because I had oft heard my grandmother say,
That gypsies convers'd with old Nick.

For

For serious advice, to the curate I went,
And told him the cause of my fright ;
Said he, pretty maid, for a while be content,
And I'll alter the case before night.

O then he began with such force and such fire,
With arguments so very strong ;
Believe me, ye maidens, the devil's a liar,
And so there's an end of my song.

SONG XXX.

The COMPLAINING LOVER. *Sung at Sadler's Wells.*

AH Polly thou treasure, thou joy of my breast !
Since I parted from thee I'm a stranger to rest.
I fly to the grove, thence to languish and
mourn,

There sigh for my lover and long to return.
The fields all around me are smiling and gay ;
They smile all in vain now my Polly's away :
The fields and the groves can afford me no ease,
But, bring me my Polly, a desert will please.

No virgin I see that my bosom alarms,
I'm cold to the fairest, tho' glowing with charms ;
In vain they attack me, and sparkle the eye,
These are not the looks of my Polly I cry.

Those looks, where bright love with the sun fits
enthron'd,

All smiling diffuses its influence around.
'Twas thus I first view'd thee, my charmer amaz'd,
Gaz'd on thee with wonder, and lov'd while I
gaz'd.

But

But when that my fair one was still in my sight,
 'Twas pleasure all day, it was rapture all night;
 But now, my hard fortune, remov'd from my fair,
 In secret I languish, a prey to despair:
 But absence torments and abates not my flame,
 My Polly's still charming, my passion the same;
 O would she preserve me a place in her breast,
 Then absence would please me and I should be blest.

SONG XXXI.

PATTY. *Sung at Sadler's-Wells.*

NO more of war and war's alarms,
 Of Britons loss and Blakeney's arms,
 Galissoniere and Byng;
 This hour let every noisy name,
 Be hush'd as night, while I to fame,
 A last superior sing.

See yonder arbour's kindly shade,
 Where first I met the lovely maid,
 Who equal'd all my care;
 The tender kiss, the melting eye,
 Who equal'd ev'ry tender sigh,
 Lo! Patty is not there.

How oft we round the woodland stray'd,
 Or on the flow'ry meadow play'd,
 While zephyrs fan'd the air;
 These painted plains can never shew,
 The boundless bliss I must forego,
 When Patty is not there.

In vain you talk of Gallia's boast,
 Of hostile fleets to sweep our coast,
 And drive us to despair;

D

No

No ills I dread, nor hope relief,
 They cannot now allay my grief,
 Since Patty is not there.

'Tis nought to me who rules the ball,
 Who turns great nations into small,
 Who public treasures share ;
 The fall of worlds, or fall of kings,
 To me are empty trifling things,
 When Patty is not there.

But let the maid return again,
 I'll rouse my native ardour then,
 Nor France nor Spain will spare ;
 I'll guard this sacred tree from harm,
 And for my king and mistress arm,
 When Patty shall be there.

S O N G XXXII.

A DRINKING SONG. *Sung at Sadler's Wells.*

COME, fill me a bumper, my jolly brave boys,
 Let's have no more female impert'nence and
 noise ;

For I've tri'd the endearments and pleasures of love,
 And I find them but nonsense and whimsies by Jove.

When first I saw Betsey, I made my complaint,
 I whin'd like a fool, and she sigh'd like a saint ;
 But I found her religion, her face, and her love,
 Were hypocrisy, paint, and self int'rest by Jove.

Sweet Cecil came next, with her languishing air,
 Her out side was orderly, modest and fair ;
 But her mind was sophistical, so was her love,
 For I found she was only a strumpet by Jove.

Come

Come, fill me a bumper then jolly brave boys,
 Here's a farewell to female impert'nence and noise;
 I know few of the sex that are worthy my love,
 And for all strumpets and jilts, I abhor them by
 Jove.

SONG XXXIII.

A DRINKING SONG. *Sung at Sadler's Wells.*

LET soldiers fight for prey or praise,
 And money be the miser's wish,
 Poor schollars study all their days,
 And gluttons glory in their dish.
 'Tis wine, pure wine revives the soul;
 Therefore give us the charming bowl.

Let minions marshall every hair,
 And in a lover's look delight,
 And artificial colours wear,
 Pure wine is native red and white.
 'Tis wine, pure wine revives the soul,
 Therefore give us the charming bowl.

The backward spirit it makes brave,
 That lively which before was dull;
 Opens the heart that loves to fave,
 And kindness flows from cup brimful.
 'Tis wine, pure wine revives the soul,
 Therefore give us the charming bowl.

Some men want youth and others health,
 Some want a wife, and some a punk;
 Some men want wit, and others wealth,
 But they want nothing that are drunk.
 'Tis wine, pure wine revives the soul,
 Therefore give us the charming bowl.

SONG XXXIV.

A DRINKING SONG.

O'ER the bowl we'll laugh and sing ;
 Melancholly, hence away :
 Ring, ring, the bowl is empty,
 Fill it landlord, let's be gay.
 Rouse, ye genial sons of mirth !
 Now's the time to baffle care ;
 Tho' we're mortal now on earth,
 Let us fancy heaven here.

Happiness alone pursue ;
 Where is more than dwells in wine ?
 Each full bumper gives a new
 Pleasure to the theme divine.
 Why should men with sorrow pining,
 Lose a life of joy and ease ?
 When his bliss is still refining,
 In sublime delights like these.

SONG XXXV.

The Lock and Key.

Sung by Mr. Dennis at Sadlers-Wells.

GOOD mother, if you please, you may
 Place others to observe my way ;
 Or be your self the watchful spy,
 And keep me ever in your eye :
 Unless the will itself restrain,
 The care of others is in vain ;
 And if my self I do not keep,
 Instead of watching, you may sleep.

When

When you forbid what love inspires,
 Forbidding, you but fan its fires ;
 Restraint does appetite enrage,
 And youth may prove too strong for age :
 Then leave me unconfin'd and free,
 With Prudence for my Lock and Key ;
 For if myself I do not keep,
 Instead of watching all may sleep.

SONG XXXVI

The PARSLY BED.

Sung by Miss Hooper at Sadlers Wells.

YOUNG Jenny in her fifteenth year,
 Of lovely size and frolick air,
 Oft thought on what her mammy said,
 Concerning of the Parsly Bed.

To dandle dollies on my knee,
 I now am grown too big, cried she,
 I'll have a live one in their stead,
 Or else I'll spoil the Parsley Bed.

Away the little trisler ran
 To find out Hodge her father's man.
 I prithee lend me, lad, thy spade,
 And I'll turn up your Parsly Bed.

She dug away like any Turk,
 But all in vain the Simple work'd ;
 At length fatigu'd, the feeble maid
 With tears bedew'd the Parsly Bed.

Nay mistress, nay, said Hodge, don't cry,
 We've yet another patch to try :
 And there indeed they better sped,
 But it was not the Parsly Bed.

(30)

SONG XXXVII.

The HAPPY PAIR. Sung at Sadler's Well's.

SUBJECTED to the pow'r of love,
By Nell's resistless charms ;
The fancy fixt no more can rove,
Or fly loves soft alarms.

Gay Damon had the skill to shun
All traps by Cupid laid,
Untill his freedom was undone,
By Nell the conquering maid.

But who can stand the force of love,
When she resolves to kill ;
Her sparkling eyes loves arrows prove,
And wounds us with our will.

O happy Damon ! happy fair !
What Cupid has begun,
May Faith and Hymen take the care
To see it fairly done.

SONG XXXVIII.

Sung at Ranelagh.

ONE Midsummer morning when Nature look'd
gay,
The birds full of frolick, and the flocks full of play ;
When earth seem'd to answer the smiles from above,
And all things proclaim'd it the season of love :
My mother cry'd, Nancy, come haste to the mill,
If the corn be not ground, you may scold if you will.
If the corn be not ground, &c.

The freedom to use my tongue, pleas'd me no doubt,
A woman alas ! would be nothing without.

I went

I went t'ward the mill without any delay,
 And conn'd o'er the words I intended to say;
 But when I came near it, I found it stock still,
 Bless my stars now I cry'd, huff'em rarely I will.

The miller to market, that instant was gone,
 The work was all left to the care of his son;
 Now tho' I can scold as well as any one can,
 I thought 'twould be wrong to scold the young man.
 I said, I am surpris'd you can use me so ill,
 Sir, I must have my corn ground, I must and I will.

Sweet maid, cry'd the youth, the neglect is not mine,
 No corn in the town I'd grind sooner than thine,
 There's no one more ready in pleasing the fair,
 The mill shall go merrily round I declare:
 But hark how the birds sing, and see how they bill,
 Now I must have a kiss first, I must and I will.

My corn being done, I t'ward home bent my way;
 He whisper'd he'd something of moment to say,
 Insisted to hand me along the green mead,
 And there swore he lov'd me indeed and indeed;
 And that he'd be constant and true to me still,
 So since that I've lik'd him, and like him I will.

I often say mother, the miller I'll huff,
 She laughs, and cries, go girl, aye plague him enough;
 And scarce a day passes, but by her desire,
 I steal a sly kiss from the youth I admire.
 If wedlock he wishes, his wish I'll fullfill,
 And I'll answer oh yes, with a hearty good will.

SONG XXXIX.

NUMBERLESS KISSES.

Sung by Mr. LOWE at VAUXHALL.

DEAR Chloe, come give me sweet kisses,
 For sweeter no girl ever gave;
 But why in the midst of my blisses,
 Do you ask me how many I'd have?
 I'm not to be stinted in pleasure,
 Then prithee dear Chloe be kind;
 For since I love thee beyond measure,
 To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,
 Count the flow'rs that enamel the fields,
 Count the flock that on Tempe are straying,
 Or the grain that rich Sicily yields;
 Count how many stars are in heaven,
 Go number the sands on the shore,
 And when so many kisses you've given
 I still shall be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
 A heart which, dear Chloe, is thine;
 In my arms I'd for ever enfold thee,
 And twist round thy neck like a vine.
 What joy can be greater than this is,
 My life on thy lips shall be spent,
 But the wretch who can number his kisses,
 Will always with few be content.

SONG XL.

Sung by Miss Stevenson, at Vauxhall.

TIS a twelvemonth a-go, nay perhaps they are
 twain,
 Since Thirsis neglected the nymphs of the plain,

And would tempt me to walk the gay meadows
along,

To hear a soft tale or to sing him a song.

What at first was but friendship, soon grew to a
flame,

In my heart it was love, in the youth 'twas the same;
From each other we fought not our passion to hide,
But who should love most, was our contest and pride.

But prudence soon whisper'd us, 'love not too well,
' For envy has eyes, and a tongue that will tell;
' And a flame without fortune's rich gifts on its side,
' The grave ones will scorn and a mother must chide.

Afraid of rebuke, he his visits forbore,
And we promis'd to think of each other, no more,
But to tarry with patience, a season more kind,
So I put the dear shepherd quite out of my mind.

But love breaks the fences I vainly had made,
Grows deaf to all censure, and will be repaid;
If ye sigh for each other, ah ! quit not your care;
Condemn the god Cupid, but bless the fond pair.

SONG XLI.

Sung by Miss Stevenson at Vauxhall.

WHY my swain, so blythe and clever,
Do you leave me all in sorrow ?

Three whole days are gone for ever,

Since you said you'd come to morrow.

If you lov'd but half as I do,

You'd been here with looks so bonny,

Love has flying wings, I well know,

Not for ling'ring lazy Johnny.

What can he be now a doing ?

Is he with the lassies maying ?

He had better here be wooing,
 Than with others fondly playing.
 Tell me truly where he's roving,
 That I may no longer sorrow ;
 If he's weary grown of loving,
 Let him tell me so tomorrow.

Does some fav'rite rival hide thee ?
 Let her be the happy creature ;
 I'll not plague myself to chide thee,
 Nor dispute with her a feature.
 But I can no longer tarry,
 Nor will kill myself with sorrow ;
 I may lose the time to marry,
 If I reach beyond tomorrow.

Think not Shepherd, thus to brave me,
 If I'm yours, away no longer,
 If you won't, another 'll have me,
 I may cool, but not grow fonder.
 If your lovers, girls, forsake you,
 Whine not in despair and sorrow ;
 Blest another lad may make ye,
 Stay for none beyond tomorrow.

SONG XLII.

The HAPPY BACCHANALIAN.

FILL your glasses, banish grief,
 Laugh and worldly cares despise ;
 Sorrow ne'er can bring relief,
 Joy from drinking will arise.
 Why should we with wrinkled care,
 Change what nature made so fair ?
 Drink, and set your hearts at rest,
 Of a bad bargain make the best.

Some

Some pursue the winged wealth,
 Some to honour do aspire ;
 Give me freedom, give me health,
 There's the sum of my desire.

What the world can more present,
 Will not add to my content ;
 Drink, and set your minds at rest,
 Quiet of mind is always best.

Busy brains, we know, alas !

With imaginations run
 Like sand in the hour glass ;

Turn'd and turn'd, and still runs on.

Never knowing when to stay,
 But uneasy every way ;
 Drink, and set your hearts at rest,
 Peace of mind is always best.

Mirth, when mingled without wine,

Makes the heart alert and free ;
 Let it rain, or snow, or shine,

Still the same thing 'tis with me.

There's no fence against our fate,
 Changes daily on us wait ;
 Drink and set your hearts at rest,
 Of a bad bargain make the best.

S O N G XLIII.

New Song in Honour of the King of Prussia.

Rouse Britons, rouse, and face the foe,
 Support your Royal Brave Allie ;
 His ardor imitate, and throw
 Destruction on their perfidy.

CHORUS

CHORUS.

Tune, tune your notes to chearful strains,
Ye lovely nymphs and jolly swains,
With joyful hearts, we'll gladly sing,
Long live the brave, the Prussian King.

Let Poitiers, Cressy's battles spur
Thy sleeping valour into fame :
Convince the French without demur,
You've caught a spark of Frederick's flame.

CHORUS.

Tune, tune your notes, &c.

O may success on him attend,
Who does so well defend his cause :
Join Britons, join your noble friend ;
First beat the French, then give them laws.

CHORUS.

Tune, tune your notes to chearful strains,
Ye lovely nymphs and jolly swains,
With joyful hearts we'll gladly sing,
Long live the brave, the Prussian King.

S O N G XLIV.

The King of Prussia's March.

WHAT honours are to Fredrick due,
The Prussian's matchless king,
And his immortal glories too,
Who can forbear to sing.
To share his crown with hatred keen,
Four sovereigns had agreed,
The Gallic king, Hungary's queen,
The savage Rufs and Sweed.

The

The princes of the Empire came
 To aid the base design ;
 Thro' terror of th' Imperial name,
 Unwilling aid they join.
 Tho' num'rous hosts of foes surround
 His just, but envy'd throne,
 Undaunted he maintains his ground,
 And trusts in heav'n alone.

He met, he fought them, and o'er threw ;
 Whole armies wear his chain :
 Time never such an hero knew,
 Nor never will again.
 Daun's laurels wither on his head ;
 Lorrain drink on and die ;
 Soubise and Hilbourghausen dread
 Your fate again to fly.

Th' Hungarian queen now feels the smart
 Of perjury and pride ;
 Her haughty and malicious heart,
 No more shall oaths deride.
 Great Prince, sustain thy noble mind !
 Should still new armies rise,
 Their fury is by heaven design'd,
 To swell thy victories.

SONG XLV. NUPTIAL SONG.

NOW Hymen lights the torch of love,
 Your happy state's began ;
 And Heav'n alone your choice approves,
 Be you the happy man.

Cherish your blooming bride each day
 With love celestial pure :

All earthly beauties fade, decay,
But heav'nly minds endure.

Sweet peace and concord blefs the pair,
By providence made one ;
All harmony be center'd here,
Nor discord ever known.

May ye prove fruitful as the vine,
Be blest with hopeful heirs,
To comfort you in lifes decline,
And t' alleviate your cares.

Live you their num'rous race to see,
Most dutiful and wise,
Grow up to full maturity,
With them and theirs rejoice.

May plenty blefs your latest days ;
In perfect health be found
Sounding your great Creators praise,
"Till with his glory crown'd.

SONG XLVI.

The ROSE. Sung at the Dublin Theatre.

Fairest of the female kind,
Of worth posselt and beauty join'd, .
Forgive the Bard, who rudely sings
A subject worthy Phæbus's strings.

Amongst a bed of daisies py'd
As once I wander'd, I espy'd
A rose, sweet flower, worthy fame,
So like my dearest fair ones name.

A while

A while I gaz'd, but soon its head
 I pluck'd from of its dainty bed ;
 Some time it too my lips I press'd,
 Then bid it grace my Rose's breast.

Thrice happy flow'r, doom'd to blow
 Under that breast more white than snow ;
 And there beneath those eyes to live,
 Which death alone to others give.

SONG XLVII.

A favourite SONG.

WHilst am'rous bards in raptures sing
 The charms of Kitty Fell,
 And say that lovely blooming spring,
 For sweetness can't excell :

Yet was she bright as yonder sun
 With beamy rays, what then ?
 Her boasted beauty's far out done
 By Sally and by Pen.

Last Whitfun eve, upon the green,
 The fairest nymfs were met ;
 No lovelier sight was ever seen,
 They fill my fancy yet :
 But for to speak the truth, I swear,
 There was not one in ten
 For native beauty could compare,
 With Sally or with Pen.

Ye swains who rove from fair to fair,
 This admonition take,
 With cautious eyes survey the pair,
 Their chains are hard to break.

In vain for freedom's loss you'll try,
 It can't be had again ;
 For who can e'er attempt to fly
 From Sally or from Pen.

S O N G XLVIII.

Sung by Miss Hooper at Sadlers Wells.

WHEN Colin first laid a brisk siege to my heart,
 To deceive me with words was his plan,
 And he thought to subdue each nature with
 art ;

O vain insignificant man !

With insolent scorn, I oft bid him depart
 To the Spaniards, the Turks or Japan ;
 You'll find Sir my Nature's too much for your art,
 Betroth me as soon as you can.

While love and fierce passion still lurks in the rear,
 Fair modesty keeps in the van ;
 No woman was ever what she would appear,
 And rarely unmaskt to a man.

'Tis darkness brings all our beauties to light,
 Whose gloom serves instead of a fan :
 When sweet inclination aids virtue, good night,
 And woman still proves the best man.

S O N G XLIX.

Phyllis. By Mr. Lockman.

SEE where Phyllis ever sprightly,
 Trips it on the dased green ;
 The kindred graces
 Direct her paces,
 As wood nymph lightly,
 Such a beauty ne'er was seen.

To

To deck her wreaths of pinks and lilies,
 Fond I rove in yonder plains,
 Where bands advancing,
 And gaily dancing,
 My artless Phyllis
 Chose me from among the swains:
 Hence fierce jealous pangs arising,
 Rivals aim'd at me a dart :
 But she so charms me,
 Nought alarms me ;
 And them despising,
 Take they the world so I've her heart.

S O N G L.

HELLENA and POLLY.

Sung by Miss Hooper.

HELLENA with affecting mien,
 Tries all the power of art ;
 Yet finds her efforts all in vain,
 To gain a single heart.

Hellena's haughty air destroys
 What native charms inspire ;
 While Polley's artless shining eyes,
 Sets all the world on fire.

Hellena may our pity move,
 But Polly gives us pain,
 And while she smiles us into love,
 Her sister frowns in vain.

SONG LI.

The REPLY. Sung by Miss Hooper.

IN vain, fond youth, thy tears give o'er,
 What more alas ! can Flavia do ?
 Thy truth I own, thy fate deplore,
 All those are happy that are true.

Suppress those sighs and weep no more ;
 Should heav'n and earth with thee combine,
 'Twere all in vain ; since any power
 To crown thy love, must alter mine.

But if revenge can ease my pain,
 I'll sooth the ills I cannot cure,
 Till that I drag a hopeless chain,
 And all that I inflict, endure.

SONG LII.

The GOLDFINCH to CHLOE.

WHILST to the distant vale I wing,
 Nor wait the slow return of spring ;
 Rather in leafless groves to dwell,
 Than in my Chloe's warmer cell.
 Give me, mistress, since by thee
 I first was taught sweet liberty, dear liberty.

There round me, when the feathered choir
 Attentive listen and admire ;
 I'll tell upon the topmost spray,
 Thy sweeter notes improv'd my lay,
 And in prison, learn'd from thee
 To warble forth sweet liberty.

But

But in return for all thy care,
 May Thyrsis soon the loss repair ;
 Like me in gaudy liv'ry dress'd,
 To Chloë be a welcome guest,
 With deep attention dwell on thee,
 And lose his own sweet liberty.

SONG LIII.

The POSITIVE FAIR.

Sung by Miss Thomas at Marybone Gardens.

WELL, if I continue but in the same mind,
 I never shall wed I protest,
 There's something so shocking in all the
 male kind,
 That bad my thoughts pictur'd the best.

The nymphs would persuade, and talk till they vex,
 Love's lure to catch youth in the prime ;
 Why if one must once like the opposite sex,
 I think seventeen the right time.

They tell it as strange, I should be so annoy'd
 At men who were meant for our good ;
 But what's in one's nature we cannot avoid,
 I'd be in the mode if I cou'd.

The shepherds all wonder that from them I fly,
 If seen o'er the plain as I go :
 Why still let them wonder at distance, say I,
 The men should be always kept so.

Young Collin declares my aversion's a joke,
 And thinks in my heart to succeed ;
 For woman, he says, never thought as she spoke ;
 He's mighty obliging indeed.

He

He caught me just now, and it came in his head,

To kiss me, but from him I tore ;

Yet really believe had he done as he said,

He could not have frighten'd me more.

I hope that such freedoms he'll ne'er again use,

My fixt resolution to try ;

For oh ! I'm certain I shall not refuse,

I mean that I shall not comply.

SONG LIV.

The Lover and the Friend.

O Thou for whom my lyre I string,

Of whom I daily speak and sing ;

Thou constant object of my joys,

Whose sweetness ev'ry with employs :

Thou dearest of thy sex attend,

And hear the lover and the friend.

Fear not the poets flatt'ring strain,

No idle praise my verse shall stain ;

The lovely numbers shall impart,

The faithful dictates of my heart,

Nor humble modesty offend,

To join the lover and the friend.

Whole years I strove against the flame,

And suffered ills that wants a name,

Yet still the painful secret kept,

And to my self in silence wept,

Till grown unable to contend,

I own'd the lover and the friend.

Sick with despair and mad with pain,

I seek for happiness in vain ;

Then

Then lovely maid, to thee I cry,
 Heal me with kindness, or I die ;
 Or force your heart a sigh to send,
 To mourn the lover and the friend.

I saw that still your gen'rous heart
 In all my sorrows bore a part ;
 Yet while your eyes with pity flow'd,
 No words of hope your tongue bestow'd ;
 But mildly bad me cease to blend
 The name of lover with the friend.

In vain alas ! in vain I strive
 To keep a dying hope alive.
 This last sad remedy remains,
 'Tis absence that must cure my pains,
 Thy image from my bosom rend,
 And tear the lover from the friend.

Vain thought ! tho' seas between us roll,
 Thy love is rooted in my soul :
 The vital blood that warms my heart
 With thy idea, must we part !
 And ev'ry hour that life shall lend,
 Increase the lover and the friend.

SONG LV.

The RESOLUTION. *A new Song.*

HOW giddy is youth, yet above all advice !
 You counsel and counsel in vain ;
 I've try'd what is wedlock, and like it so well,
 That I'll never be married again.

The spouse that I pitch'd on was comely and young,
 And sweet as the flow'rs of the plain ;
 She was wise, as they tell me, perhaps it might be,
 But I ne'er will be married again.

I saw the poor creature laid deep in her grave,
 My tears they came pouring like rain;
 But as sun shine, you know, will foul weather
 succeed,
 So I quickly recover'd again.

Like Castles of fairies it seems to my fight,
 And fancy indulges the whim;
 But alas! when you try it, 'tis all a meer cheat,
 And the same dull tale over again.

SONG LVI.

The favourite Hymn of Eve.

HOW chearful along the gay mead
 The daifies and cowslips appear!
 The flock as they carelessly feed,
 Rejoice in the spring of the year.
 The myrtles that shade the gay bow'rs,
 The herbage that springs from the sod;
 Trees, plants, cooling fruits and sweet flow'rs,
 All raise to the praise of my God.

Shall man the great master of all,
 The only insensible prove?
 Forbid it fair gratitude's call!
 Forbid devotion and love!
 Thee, lord, who such wonders could raise,
 And still can destroy with a nod;
 My lips shall incessantly praise,
 My soul shall be wrapt in my God.

SONG

(47)

SONG LVII.

BELINDA. *A new Song.*

BELINDA, see from yonder flow'rs,
The Bee flies loaded to its cell;
Can you perceive what it devours?
Are they impair'd in show or smell?

So, though I rob you of a kiss,
Sweeter than their ambrosial dew;
Why are you angry at my blifs?
Has it at all impoverish'd you?

'Tis by this cunning I contrive,
In spite of your unkind reserve,
To keep my famish'd hope alive,
Which inhumanity would starve.

SONG LVIII.

MOUNTAGUE WALK. *Sung by Miss Hooper.*

YE circles of the fair and brave,
Who to Black-heath repair,
Who noise, and dust, and business leave,
To breathe untainted air;
Lo! here's a walk which when you view!
You'll love the sun and Mountague.

The lark, in notes of early morn,
The thrush and linnet sweet,
The nightingale, with breast on thorn,
In warbling consort meet;
And o'er this walk their strains renew,
To praise the sun and Mountague.

Let courtiers bless St. James's rays,
The drawing room and ball,

Let

Let Bells and beaux at playhouse gaze,
 Or gaily trip the mall.
 Court, plays, and mall, farewell to you,
 I'll to the sun and Mountague.

SONG LIX.

PLATO'S ADVICE.

SAYS Plato, why should men be vain !
 Since bounteous heaven has made him great ;
 Why does he look with such disdain,
 On those undeck'd with wealth or state ?
 Can costly robes or beds of down,
 And all the gems that deck the fair ;
 Can all the glories of a crown,
 Give health or ease the brow of care ?
 The scepter'd king, the burthen'd slave,
 The humble and the haughty die ;
 The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
 In dust without distinction lie.
 Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
 Who once the greatest titles wore ;
 Their wealth and glory is bereft,
 And all their honour is no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the skies,
 And spreads along a gilded train,
 When shot, 'tis gone ; its beauty dies,
 Dissolves to common air again.
 So 'tis with us, my jovial souls,
 Let friendship reign while here we stay ;
 Lets crown our joy with flowing bowls,
 When Jove he calls we must away.

SONG LX.

To CELIA.

TO Celia's praise my muse shall sing,
 While all the nine inspire ;
 And they their kind assistance bring,
 To raise the poets fire.

Rous'd by thy charms, my voice I'll raise,
 And eccho thro' the woods ;
 The woods shall eccho Celia's praise
 Across the swelling floods.

If Celia treads the flow'ry meads
 Amidst the cooling day ;
 The lillies hang their drooping heads,
 And roses die away.

Or, if she in the Mall appear,
 Then all the fair and gay,
 Fade like the lustre of the stars
 At the approach of day.

Her eyes, which send their darts all round,
 And sparkle as the fire ;
 Each swain shall feel the piercing wound,
 And kindle with desire.

Her features all divine appear ;
 Cheeks, like the blushing rose !
 Her ivory neck and breast as clear
 And white as winter snows.

Her limbs and shape with graceful ease,
 Each part sets off the whole ;
 Sure she was made alone to please,
 And captivate the soul.

F

She

She smiles, ten thousand arrows fly,
And pierce my tender breast,
I, at her feet submissive lie,
And wait my life or death.

Grant but my suit, my charming fair,
And all my griefs remove ;
My breast is calm, serene as air,
When thou accepts my love.

Why pause so long ! why muse my dove !
Nor grant a swift reply ;
All's racks and tortures, till my love
Shall with my flame comply.

If Celia kind accepts her swain,
I to her arms will fly ;
For e'er adore that precious name
Nor quit her till I die.

SONG LXI.

A BALLAD *for the year 1758.*

LAST year all the cry
Was that taxes ran high,
And the revenue sunk by foul play ;
That our fleets were defeated,
Our armies ill treated,
And commerce quite gone to decay.

Portmahone we had lost,
And our fleets on the coast
Paraded, but dare not attack ;
That they went with a show
Of a terrible blow,
But return'd most ingloriously back.

For the scourge of our foes
 A Pitt then arose,
 Th'asserter of liberty's cause;
 Corruption then fled,
 Nor could vice shew her head,
 For virtue was guarded by laws.

The trumpet of fame,
 Then sounded the name
 Of Howe; to Gallia he past,
 And bid her prepare
 Such a clarion to hear,
 That the bulwarks should shake at the blast.

Nor warn'd she in vain,
 For France once again
 Felt the force of a maritime pow'r;
 British hearts were employ'd,
 French strength was destroy'd,
 And her conquests were talk'd of no more.

Boscawen went forth,
 And far in the North
 Spread the glories of Britain's fair isle;
 Old Neptune and Mars
 Grant success to the Tars,
 And the heavens propitiously smile.

Cape Britons our own,
 Frontenac is o'erthrone,
 And Senegal gloriously won;
 Commerce lends us its aid,
 And now flourishes trade.
 Whilst that of our foes is undone.

No more we complain
 We are slaves, to maintain

Troops useless, and ships unemploy'd ;
 Heart and hand we combine,
 With our leader's to join,
 Till our enemies all are destroy'd.

May our forces abroad
 Still continue a rod,
 To scourge lawless ambition and pride ;
 And may patriot zeal
 For our country's weal,
 At home in our councils preside.

Then let each honest heart,
 Before we depart,
 Fill a glass to the toast I propose ;
 May the fifty and nine
 With the last year combine,
 To humble the pride of our foes.

SONG LXII.

NEW SONG.

CAN the shepherds and nymphs of the grove,
 Condemn me for dropping a tear ;
 Or lamenting aloud as I rove,
 Since Susan no longer is here.

My flocks if at random they stray,
 What wonder since she's from the plain ;
 Her hand they were wont to obey,
 She rul'd both the sheep and the swain.

SONG

SONG LXIII.

BLACK EYED SUE.

Sung at Sadlers Wells.

Sixteen years old was black ey'd Sue,
 A plump and buxom jade,
 Of mettle full from top to toe,
 And yet she was a maid.

Young Roger met her all alone,
 As thro' the fields she past,
 And longing for a piece of fun,
 He laid her on the grass.

Her heaving bosom first he felt,
 What 'tis to know a man!

Dear Roger then dont be afraid,
 But kiss me if you can.

I will, he cry'd, with all my heart,

With that he kiss'd her o'er,
 But when she found the pleasing smart,
 She cry'd encore, encore.

SONG LXIV.

WHAT sadness reigns over the plain,
 How droops the sweet flowers around,
 How pensive each nymph and each swain,
 How silent each musical sound.

No more the soft lute in the bow'rs,
 Beguile the blith ev'nings away;
 But sad sighs measure out the long hours,
 Since Damon has wander'd away.

Oh ! he was our village's pride,
 This change from his absence is seen,
 'Twas he that our music supply'd,
 When we merrily danc'd on the green.

At the shearing, the wake, or the fair,
 How jovial and frolic were we ;
 But now every feast in the year,
 Is as joyless as joyless can be.

Ah ! why did he wander away ;
 'Tis the war that has call'd him to arms,
 For weeping, he cry'd, who can stay,
 When his country resounds with alarms.

Yet sure he at home should have staid,
 And left to rough foldiers the war :
 He only for love could be made,
 Who was lovely beyond all compare.

Where'er the adventurer goes,
 On the land or the dangerous main,
 Kind heaven protect him from woes,
 And send him to Celia again.

O give him to Celia again,
 To his true love my shepherd restore ;
 On his bosom I'll cease to complain,
 From my arms he shall wander no more.

SONG LXV.

WHilst in the grove Timandra walks,
 And sweetly smiles, or fondly talks,
 A thousand arrows round her fly,
 A thousand swains unheeded die.

When

But when the labours to be seen,
 With her enchanting air and mien,
 From so much beauty, so much art,
 What mortal can secure his heart.

SONG LXVI.

Without thinking on't I gain'd Thyrsis's heart,
 As one ev'ning we danc'd on the lee;
 Without thinking on't, the youth on his
 part,
 Alas! made a conquest of me.

Then Cupid take care of this ticklish affair,
 Nor leave poor Pastora in thrall,
 Lest the swain should forget, and break off as we met,
 Without thinking of it all.

SONG LXVII.

Without disguise or coquet's art,
 Dear Polly's form'd to please:
 Whilst I in gazing lost my heart,
 My soft repose and ease.

In balmy slumbers oft by night,
 The gentle maid appears,
 And like a Syren shows her might,
 To charm both eyes and ears.

Each pleasing look from Polly's eye,
 Can calm my raging breast;
 But if she frowns, which way can I
 Expect to be at rest?

The Goddesses, by poets feign'd,
 To be so wond'rous fair,
 Neither in beauty, or in wit,
 To Polly can compare.

They tell us once that Jove so wise,
 To visit maidens came ;
 To taste soft joys, and feast his eyes,
 Or quench his am'rous flame ;

But should he dare attempt that feat,
 Or look on Polly's charms,
 In hopes, he'd quit his restless feat,
 To revel in her arms.

Or, should he try the stratagems,
 He us'd to do of old,
 And take upon himself the shape,
 As once he did, of gold ;

Hervirtue could withstand his pow'r,
 And by a frown or nod,
 Would shew she scorn'd the glittering ore,
 And dare deny the God.

SONG LXVIII.

A Song to CELIA.

HOW blest am I thy face to view,
 My lovely dearest maid ;
 Beauty her throne has fixt in you,
 With every grace array'd.

I'm joy'd thy magic voice to hear ;
 To join my lips with thine,
 Is heav'nly extasy, I swear,
 Is rapture all divine.

Was I with lovely Celiæ blest'd,
 By ev'ry power I swear,
 Of heaven I should be possess'd,
 And free from ev'ry care.

SONG LXIX.

A C A N T A T A.

RECITATIVE.

ONE eve beside a silver stream,
 Young Damon lay reclin'd ;
 With all her graces Venus came,
 In vision to his mind.
 When thus a lovely nymph began the song,
 While eccho seem'd to waft the strain along.

SONG.

To beauty ev'ry hour devote,
 Oh ! youth—be happy and be gay,
 Thy blis shall make each pain remote,
 And Cupid all thy toil repay.
 A thousand cares their pains impart,
 And cloud the present mirthful scene,
 But endless joys enchant the heart,
 While love and beauty only reign.

SECOND RECITATIVE.

While o'er his wand'ring fancy thus,
 The God of sleep his powers diffuse ;
 Another form, behold ! arose,
 Reliever true of human woes ;
 His tun—his glas—his looks divine,
 All—all—confess the God of Wine.

A I R.

The charms of Love, says he, beware,
 Short the blis—but long the care ;
 Beauty's gone when scarce possesst,
 'Tis all a bubble—all a jest.
 Here the lasting pleasures lye ;
 Here behold a real joy ;
 'Tis thus we pass our time above ;
 Learn first to drink—and then to love.

SONG LXX.

TIS bumpers lull all cares to rest ;
 'Tis bumpers make misfortunes sweet,
 'Tis bumpers cure the wounded breast,
 And bumpers make all souls compleat.

We'll drink to all our friends we know,
 We'll drink to all in grief and sorrow,
 We'll drink to all we love below,
 For bumpers make to-day to-morrow.

We'll drink to ev'ry honest soul,
 Who from his word would never fly,
 That loves his friend, that loves his bowl,
 And who for him would freely die.

For bumpers gain the brave success ;
 And bumpers make true virtue shine,
 'Tis bumpers gain our mistress,
 And bumpers make all souls sublime.

'Tis bumpers make the poor man rich ;
 And bumpers make us free from care,
 'Tis bumpers make us that we wish,
 And bumpers make us what we are.

SONG LXXI.

The SHEPHERD'S WEDDING.

AMINTOR.

PASTOR's come, with myrtles crown'd,
 To bless her fond Amintor's side,
 To bless her fond Amintor's side ;
 The sun in his extensive round,
 Ne'er saw so sweet, so fair a bride,
 Ne'er saw so sweet, so fair a bride.

PASTORA.

If to be true is sweet and fair,
 Pastora with Lucinda vies,
 Pastora, &c.

And sweeter she than is the air,
 That fleets beneath Arabian skies,
 That fleets, &c.

AMINTOR.

The fields and groves, each hill and vale,
 Have witness'd to my faithful vow,
 Have witness'd, &c.

Long had I sigh'd my am'rous tale,
 But ev'ry care's requited now,
 But ev'ry, &c.

PASTORA.

Without a blush I here repeat,
 What to the nymphs I told before,
 What to the nymphs, &c.
 For thee my tender heart does beat,
 Possess of thee I ask no more,
 Possess of thee, &c.

AMINTOR.

Thus with this wreath I crown thy brows,
 And with this kiss my love I seal,
 And with this kiss, &c.
 And may I when I break my vows.
 The pangs of tortur'd lovers feel,
 The pangs, &c.

PASTORA.

Should I, ungrateful to my swain,
 Afflict him with domestic strife,
 Afflict him &c.
 May I be driven from the plain
 By ev'ry virtuous maid and wife,
 By ev'ry &c.

SONG LXXII.

The DUST-CART. A favourite Cantata.

AS tink'ring Tom the streets his trade did cry,
 He saw his lovely Sylvia passing by;
 In dust-cart high advanc'd, the nymph was plac'd,
 With the rich cinders round her lovely waist.
 Tom with uplifted hands th' occasion blest,
 And thus, in soothing strains, the maid address.

A I R.

O Sylvia, while you drive your cart,
 To pick up dust, you steal our hearts,
 You take up dust and steal our hearts:
 That mine is gone, alas! is true,
 And dwells among the dust with you.
 And dwells among the dust with you.
 Ah! lovely Sylvia, ease my pain;
 Give me my heart you stole again.
 Give me my heart, out of your cart;
 Give me my heart you stole again.

RECITATIVE.

Sylvia, advanced above the rabble-rout,
 Exulting roll'd her sparkling eyes about;
 She heav'd her swelling breast, as black as sloe,
 And look'd disdain'd on little folks below:
 To Tom she nodded, as the cart drew on,
 And then resolv'd to speak, she cry'd, stop, John,

A I R.

Shall I, who ride above the rest,
 Be by a paltry croud oppress;
 Ambition now my soul does fire,
 The youths shall languish and admire:
 And ev'ry girl with anxious heart,
 Shall long to ride in my dust cart.
 And ev'ry, &c.

S O N G LXXIII.

BACCHUS God of WINE.

BACCHUS thou merry god of wine,
Behold thy supplicants supine,
Imploring for a fresh recruit
Of grapes, that most delicious fruit.

Each night we consecrate to thee ;
Libations prove our loyalty ;
Like sons of Bacchus never shrink,
But to excess resolve to drink.

When SOL his orient beams display,
We topers are inform'd 'tis day ;
Then all depart, when night appears,
We meet again to drown our fears.

Thus BRITONS spend a life of joy,
No cares our pleasures can annoy,
For wine expells what seems amiss,
Such great felicity's in * this.

* *Drinking*

S O N G LXXIV.

The BANKS of the DEE.

TRUE bliss in retirement can only be found ;
In vain we shall seek it in pleasures dull round,
The truth of this maxim Philander could see,
When the vo'try of Cupid and modishly free :

He often resolv'd to retire from the crowd,
Quite pall'd with its pleasures so empty and loud ;
And oft he relaps'd thro' a whim to be free,
But at last was reform'd by the banks of the Dee.

G

From

From noise and false pleasures, he quickly withdrew,
 To taste of the solid, the lasting and true :
 Grew fond of retirement, nor car'd but for three,
 A friend, and a book, and the banks of the Dee.

His fortune was easy, his manner polite,
 He read a great deal, and at times he could write ;
 Unmov'd by ambition, contented and free,
 He often sung thus on the banks of the Dee.

‘ The monarch still jealous of plots and designs,
 ‘ Who sighs at his heart while in splendor he shines,
 ‘ With pity I trace through the irksom Levee,
 ‘ And blest my kind stars for the banks of the Dee.

‘ The miser, how wretched ! amidst all his store,
 ‘ What he has, he can’t taste, yet he sighs to have
 more ;
 ‘ While I with a little am happy and free,
 ‘ In a pleasing retreat on the banks of the Dee.

‘ Let Tom, without passion, still sigh for the fair,
 ‘ Affect their soft manner, and mimick their air,
 ‘ Supply them with scandal o’er Green and Bohea,
 ‘ Give me a retreat on the banks of the Dee.

‘ No duns to molest me, no cares to harraßs,
 ‘ In a pleasing succession the moments will pass ;
 ‘ At peace with the world, contented and free,
 ‘ I’ll live and I’ll die on the banks of the Dee.

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SONG LXXV.

A Song for three Voices.

BRITANNIA's sons rejoice,
To George exalt your voice,
God save the king.
In whose auspicious reign
Cape Breton we regain,
And in recording strain,
Victory sing.

Amherst and Boscowen,
With all their British men,
Like Heroes shone ;
Thanks be to patriot Pitt,
Whose penetrating wit
And wisdom, judg'd it fit
To set them on.

O grant thus nobly won,
That never Cape Breton
Again may fall ;
May British bands protect,
While British hearts direct,
And Gallic schemes detect,
God save us all.

SONG LXXVI.

A Drinking Song, from a Collection at Berlin.

LET Euler go measure the sun,
His knowledge must truckle to mine ;
I measure the size of my tun,
And I know it in bottles of wine.

Let Meyer chop logic for nought,
 A fyllogist is but an ass,
 While I without wasting a thought,
 Can infer from the bottle, the las.

Let Haller mispend half his time,
 O'er moss, weeds and rubbish to pour,
 I only seek out for a rhyme,
 As himself wiser once did before.

Let Bodmer his inference draw,
 And stoutly with casuists fight ;
 He might as well ballance a straw,
 He will never put folly to fight.

And in ages to come, tho' they cry,
 Such men when again shall we see ;
 When I am forgot, what care I,
 What are ages to come pray to me ?

SONG LXXVII.

The INCONSTANT SWAIN.

BENEATH this grove, this silent shade,
 Come Damon to thy gentle maid ;
 What other nymph would love like me ;
 But oh ! thou'rt all inconsistency.

You us'd to talk of love and blifs,
 And often sigh'd my lips to kifs ;
 But roving now in sweeter glee,
 For thou art all inconsistency.

Here fragrant flow'rs sweetly spring,
 The feather'd choir in concert sing,
 Yet vain is what I hear and see,
 Since Damon's all inconsistency,

The am'rous Doves now bill and coo,
 And so false Damon, so can you ;
 But cant like them contented be,
 Thy sole delight's inconstancy.

Ye simple fair believe not man,
 They all proceed on Damon's plan ;
 Then from your sex, your hearts keep free,
 And love like them inconstancy.

S O N G LXXVIII.

BRITAIN'S GLORY. *A Cantata.*

RECITATIVE.

HARK! the shrill trumpet's martial sounds
 from far!
 And the hoarse drum proclaims the kindled
 War.

AIR.

Now glory her banners unfolds to the sky ;
 The tempest is up, the confusion grows high ;
 Affrighted, meek peace flies the hostile alarms,
 And Europe, all Europe now glitters in arms.

Too long with unsated ambition and pride,
 We have seen the french monarch o'er liberty stride;
 All treaties despising and trampling on law ;
 What prowess his insolent progress shall awe ?

Fair freedom's first born, so has fate long decreed,
 Britannia shall reap all the fame of the deed.
 Her arm shall determine his arrogant reign,
 While she her wide empire resumes o'er the main.

RECITATIVE.

Propitious, see her hardy sons arise,
 Rush to the fight, and shouting rend the skies ;
 These shall prevent ambitions haughty sway,
 And stop the daring tyrant in his way.

A I R.

Freedom the sons of Britain fires
 And patriot zeal their soul inspires ;
 Who glows not with the gen'rous flame,
 Basely usurps a Briton's name.
 Thus we the worth of freedom taught,
 When Blenheim's gallant field we fought.
 The blasted lilly hung its head,
 And France's noblest blood was shed.

Her pride no more the world shall awe ;
 Nor give to subject nations law ;
 Another Edward shakes her shore,
 Brave as Plantagenet of yore ;
 Again she sinks beneath here pow'r,
 And virtue hails the happy hour.
 Such ever be the fate of pride,
 So fell the race which Jove defy'd

S O N G LXXIX.

To DELIA.

O Delia ! how fond and how speechless am I,
 Your eloquence only can move ;
 What friendship or method I claim or I try,
 They end in the language of love.

Your

Your beauties, like Venus when sprung from the
main,

Shot innocent I looking on :

Now all I can do is to languish in pain,

Acknowledge no mistress but one.

Your precepts, dear charmer, what man can disown;

Your voice like a siren conjures ;

I now bow to beauty and beauty's grand throne,

'Tis Delia my bosom allures.

My muse unexperienc'd ne'er sung of my love,

'Till Delia had taught her the theme,

She taught her the passion with strains how to move

And sing to her honour and fame.

How weak and unsoothing these lays may appear,

And short of the language divine ;

Believe me, thou fairest, they're true and sincere,

Your energy robs me of mine.

Let truth stand confronted in each others breast,

And judge of the motions I find :

If pity can plead, and consign me to rest,

My Delia, indeed is then kind.

S O N G LXXX.

Sung by Miss Formentel at Ranelagh.

DAMON believe not your Jenny's untrue,
Nor think that she's false and inconstant to you;
Think yon tow'ring mount of itself shall remove,
Ere Damon you doubt of the truth of my love.

Yon clear crystal stream shall mountains o'erflow,
And on the hard rock the pale primrose shall blow ;
In quest of the lion, the lambkin shall range,
'Ere Jenny's fix'd passion shall lessen or change.

Upon the smooth green, when shepherd advance
To hail May's return with the tabor and dance ;
If Damon is absent I quit the glad throng,
And join my complaint to the nightingale's song.

The pain which I suffer, my flocks seem to know,
And frolick and play as to lessen my woe ;
I cry, cease dear lambkins your sporting and play,
You cannot delight while my Damon's away.

No toil shall discomfort while Damon's in fight ;
The sun's piercing rays can summer delight ;
And winter's rude tempest shall still find me gay,
For blest with my shepherd each month will be May.

SONG LXXXI.

ENGLISH HEROISM *against* FRENCH INVADERS.

'TIS rumour'd the French will soon visit our
coast,
And pour on this isle an invincible host,
We're prepar'd ; and will sing howe'er proudly they
boast,

Oh ! the bold Blades of Old England, and O old
England's bold Blades.

Where wisdom and valour and honesty join,
And no knavish arts their exertions confine,
When work'd up to action how greatly they shine !
O the bold, &c.

When just George bid Amherst and Boscawen arm,
To Louisbourg fly, and with cannon alarm :
Down, down fell its walls by their loud music's
charm.

O the bold, &c.

When

When Keppel, Marfh, Sayer, fhap'd to Afric their
way,
Senegal and Goree yielded soon to our fway,
And hence the French flave trade is made British
prey.

O the bold, &c.

'Mid the rich fugar iflands what fpirit we've fhown,
There Barrington, Moore, are our thunders well
known,

By your valiant fwords Guadalupe is our own.

O the bold, &c.

Behold Wolfe and Townfhend in glory's bright way,
Towards Quebec marching in dreadful array :

Ye fates ! vict'ry give, as on Blenheim's great day.

O the bold, &c.

Among our naval fons who to honours afpire,
See Saunders and Holmes and Durell dart their fire!
Full oft have their broadfides bid Frenchmen retire.

O the bold, &c.

St. Maloes and Cherbourg, and Havre proclaim

The ardours heroic which Britons inflame;

The marks left behind them eternize their name.

O the bold, &c.

Reflect, my good Britons, on Dettingens field,

When George, with dire fllaughter, made French
fquadrons yield;

In return, ye militia, our brave monarch fhield.

O the bold, &c.

Call up third Edward's fhade, bid fifth Henry appear,

Survey but their looks, you'll be ftrangers to fear :

Thofe kings conquer'd France ; fhall the French
triumph here ?

No, no, my bold, &c.

Rife

Rise gallant Prince Edward, the God of the main
 Invites thee to share in his wat'ry reign,
 Then grasp Britains flag and its honour maintain.
 O the bold, &c.

SONG LXXXII.

TO CELIA.

THE eye that beams with lambent light,
 The crimson cheek, that glads the sight,
 The shape, the mien, the air;
 With these to sooth man's ruder breast,
 With these to be by blessings blest,
 The gods adorn the fair.

Hence each poetic genius sings,
 Sweet beauty tunes th'embosom'd strings,
 And wakes th'enraptur'd soul;
 The magic pow'r of form and face,
 Ordain'd the gentler sex to grace,
 Refounds from pole to pole.

But shall not charms so honour'd last?
 No, soon as youth's short summer's past
 They're veild in times disguise;
 Thus blushing Flora's darling flow'r,
 That scents the aromatic bow'r,
 Buds, bursts to bloom, and dies.

Then ah! how vain in female pride,
 Shall she that's crown'd with sense, confide
 In such uncertain power!
 No she's reverse, the milder way,
 Reserv'd tho' free, tho' modest gay,
 And blooms to life's last hour.

Do thou, my fair one, in whose mind
Each social moral virtue's join'd,

The nymph of sense appear;
Then, when the charms of youth are o'er,
The wife will Celia still adore
Thou'llt still be lovely here.

SONG LXXXIII.

HENCE, painful pleasure, pleasing pain,
Resign O love thy throne;
Come reason, I obey thy reign,
And own thy pow'r alone.

Disdaining love, from hence I'll live
Unmov'd by all the fair;
False Delia's smiles no joy can give,
Nor yet her frowns despair.

This vow Philander scarce had made,
When on the verdant plain,
Fair Delia with each grace array'd,
Approach'd the love sick swain.
In vain, with sudden transports fir'd,
He did her charms approve,
He sigh'd, he gaz'd, he long admir'd,
And own'd the power of love.

Then against the tender passion
Let us not our power employ;
But give way to inclination,
Taste of love, and taste of joy.
For on reasons aid relying,
Vain our efforts all will prove,
Custom with this truth complying,
Reason is too weak for love.

SONG LXXXIV.

*The Shadwell Tar's farewell. Sung by Mr. Atkins
at Sadler's Wells.*

WHEN we, dearest Nell shall be parted,
O think not that ill can betide ;
'Tis death thus to see thee sad hearted,
Tho' I fear not the french's broadside.
We're going to plough the rough ocean,
In search of a treacherous foe ;
Resolv'd, when his fleet is in motion,
To give it a terrible blow.

CHORUS.

With cannon by fate well directed,
We'll curb the proud navy of France ;
Defeat the invasion projected,
And teach the Mounseers a new dance,
Near Mile-end, when robbers-surrounded,
This stick cut from tough British oak,
Their clubs and their pistols confounded,
And fell'd two huge thieves at a stroke.
This brave oaken towel so trusty,
Which could such mean villains withstand ;
Will surely deal blows stout and lusty.
On those who would ravage our land.
With cannon, &c,

How blith lives the bold British sailor !
Good flip and good punch his delight ;
He dreads not on board a stern goaler,
But sings on from morning to night :
Whilst frenchmen in gallies are fighting,
Condemn'd to the oar and the chain ;
Their officers heed not their crying,
But lash them the more they complain.
With cannon, &c.

But

But hark, Stepney bells are a ringing,
 The gale wafts the sweet musick nigher;
 Methinks I to battle am springing,
 'Midst thunder and whirlwinds of fire:
 Ring louder, ye bells, O ring louder,
 And victory must be our own;
 Whilst Frenchmen exhausting their powder,
 Their signal defeat shall bemoan.
 With cannon, &c.
 One kiss, dearest Nell, and I leave you,
 Take care of our Dicky and Nan;
 By Neptune I'll never deceive you,
 But toast you in every cann.
 When I in my hammock am rowling,
 I'll dream of my Nelly, my dove;
 Abroad never once go a stroling,
 But come back quite brimful of love.
 With cannon, &c.

S O N G LXXXV.

ASK if yon damask rose is sweet,
 That scents the ambient air;
 Then ask each shepherd that you meet,
 If dear Susanna's fair.
 Say, will the vulture quit his prey,
 And warble through the grove;
 Bid wanton linnets quit the spray,
 Then doubt thy shepherds love.
 The spoils of war let heroes share,
 Let pride in splendor shine;
 Ye bards unenvied laurels wear,
 Be fair Susanna mine.

SONG LXXXVI.

YOU say at your feet that I wept in despair,
 And vow'd that no angel was ever so fair;
 How could you believe all the nonsense I
 spoke?

What know we of angels?—I meant it in joke.

I next stand indicted for swearing to love,
 And nothing but death should my passion remove:
 I have lik'd you a twelve month, a calendar year,
 And not yet contented:—have conscience, my dear.

SONG LXXXVII

On the PRESENT TIMES.

YE courtiers disgrac'd,
 Who would fain be replac'd,
 Who murmur in each situation;
 And to come at your ends,
 Rail at all our best friends,
 Who study the good of the nation.

You would fain make us think,
 Like you they love chink,
 Like you for French gold would betray;
 Thus harlots will clatter,
 And the virtuos bespatter,
 Who ne'er like themselves went astray.

Learn hence, and be sure
 That ev'ry such lure,
 Thrown out our best schemes to defeat,
 Tends only prove
 Their hatred, not love,
 To the people as well as the State.

Great

Great Marlbro's plan,
 Under glorious Queen Anne,
 Was intended our foes to debase ;
 But an envious faction,
 Put an end to all action,
 To patch up an inglorious peace.

Then Britons beware,
 For just such a snare,
 By the now discontented is laid ;
 Who mischief are brewing,
 Your credit to ruin,
 That just such a peace may be made.

Now since we have got
 Possession of what
 Will fetter their hands for the future,
 Let's still keep them under,
 From ravage and plunder,
 Tho' Holland should be their adjutor.

Let it never be said,
 That England's afraid
 Of France with the Dutch on their side ;
 No, no, let them brag,
 Still Britains old flag
 On the ocean triumphant shall ride.

No fear of this realm,
 While Pitt's at the helm,
 Who ne'er to corruption was prone ;
 Had he first been our pilot,
 All attempts we might smile at,
 And Minorca had still been our own.

Since Ferdinand's sword,
 So justly ador'd,
 Has beat the Monfieurs from their trenches;
 Let a peace, when 'tis made,
 Shew we're no way afraid
 Of either our blood or expences.

S O N G LXXXVIII.

C O M E Roger and Nell, come Simkin and Bell,
 Each lad with his lass hither come,
 With singing and dancing, in pleasure advancing,
 To celebrate harvest home;
 'Tis Ceres bids play, and keep holiday,
 To celebrate harvest home, harvest home,
 To celebrate harvest home.

Our labour is o'er, our barns in full store,
 Now swell with rich gifts of the land;
 Let each man then take, for his prong and his rake,
 His can and his lass in his hand:
 For Ceres, &c.

No courtier can be so happy as we,
 In innocence, pastime and mirth;
 While thus we carouse with our sweet heart or spouse,
 And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth;
 When Ceres, &c.

S O N G LXXXIX.

W H E N Sol was at rest
 On That's breast,
 And evening grew dusky and brown;
 E'er Dian the fair
 Had gilded her hair,
 And put on her straw-colour'd gown:

When

When Dolly had now
 Done milking her cow,
 And Roger return'd o'er the mead;
 He spy'd an old wight
 In pitiful plight,
 Leaning sad on the neck of his steed.

His hand did sustain
 A taper or twain,
 Full trimly encircled with horn;
 It shone on the ground
 Some paces around,
 As bright as the star of the morn.

While Roger survey'd
 This meagre old blade,
 He heard a most sorrowful cry:
 'Whoever you are,
 'Catch hold——any where,
 'And help me out quick, or I die.'

He turn'd; at the sound,
 And instantly found
 A coach with its wheels in the air;
 The wares it contain'd,
 In language unfeign'd,
 Next stanza shall partly declare.

Eight legs stood upright,
 All cloathed in white,
 With shoes both of silk and of leather;
 And nought else was seen,
 Either scarlet or green,
 To save their fair skins from the weather.

With wond'rous surprize
 Roger feasted his eyes,
 And view'd each particular feature;
 But the muse is too coy
 To describe what the boy
 Could discern of the secrets of nature.

Whatever delight
 Roger took in the sight,
 He freed the fair ladies from danger;
 Who blush'd as they rose,
 And stroak'd down their cloaths,
 And bless'd the kind aid of the stranger.

SONG XC.

LET ambition fire thy mind,
 Thou wert born o'er men to reign,
 Not to follow flocks design'd :
 Scorn thy crook and leave the plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy feet ;
 Thou on necks of kings shalt tread ;
 Joys in circling joys shall meet,
 Which way e'er thy fancy's led.

Let not toils of empire fright ;
 Toils of empire pleasures are :
 Thou shalt only know delight ;
 All the joy, but not the care.

Shepherd, if thou'll yield the prize,
 For the blessings I bestow,
 Joyful I'll ascend the skies,
 Happy thou shalt reign below.

SONG

SONG. XCL.

COLLIN'S COMPLAINT.

DEAR Chloe, whilst thus beyond measure,
 You treat me with doubts and disdain,
 You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
 And hoard up an old age of pain.
 Your maxim, that love is still founded
 On charms that will quickly decay,
 You'll find to be very ill grounded,
 When once you its dictates obey.

The passion from beauty first drawn,
 Your kindness will vastly improve;
 Soft smiles and gay looks are the dawn,
 Fruition's the sunshine of love.
 And, tho' the bright beams of your eyes
 Should be clouded, that now are so gay,
 And darkness possess all the skies,
 We ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
 You've often regarded with wonder;
 He's dropfical, she is sore ey'd;
 Yet they're ever uneasy asunder:
 Together they totter about,
 Or sit in the sun at the door,
 And, at night, when old Darby's pot out,
 His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.
 No beauty or wit they possess,
 Their several failings to smother;
 Then what are the charms, can you guess,
 That makes them so fond of each other?
 'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
 The endearments that love did bestow:
 The thoughts of past pleasure and truth
 Are the best of all blessings below.

Those traces for ever will last,
 Which sickness nor time can remove;
 For when youth and beauty are past,
 And age brings the winter of love,
 A friendship insensibly grows,
 By reviews of such raptures as these;
 The current of fondness still flows,
 Which decrepid old age cannot freeze.

S O N G XCII.

BACCHUS TRIUMPHANT: *or the lover's farewell
 to the fair sex.*

TO Phillis and Chloe, and all the gay throng,
 Too long the soft lay has been rais'd;
 Too long to their beauty has flow'd the vain song,
 Too long has their beauty been prais'd:
 Great Bacchus, repentant, thy pardon I ask,
 Forgiveness I humbly implore;
 If e'er for a female I quit a full cask,
 May I never enjoy one drop more,—great god;
 May I never enjoy one drop more.

Ye fops and ye fribbles, your title I own
 To sing all the charms of the fair;
 Their beauties to praise is your province alone;
 Alone make their beauties your care:
 For who in his senses that mortal can blame
 Who strives his own merit to raise?
 For women and fops are so nearly the same,
 In theirs, that he sings his own praise,—sweet miss;
 In theirs, &c.

Tho' wit, sparkling wit some rare females possess,
 Tho' kindness may add to their store,

Good

Good nature and smiles has a bumper no less,
 And sparkles an hundred times more ;
 With virtue unfully'd adorn'd tho' she be,
 Tho' modesty blooms in each feature;
 A bottle is not more immodest than she,
 Its virtue ten thousand times greater,—dear boys;
 Its virtue, &c.

Their beauty attracting I freely confess ;
 Their sex I must own, has its charms ;
 I own for a moment they're able to bless,
 And melt us away in their arms ;
 Yet lasting the pain is, and transient the joy ;
 The raptures are instantly past ;
 But wine, happy juice ! is sure never to cloy,
 Its pleasures till doomsday shall last,—brave souls ;
 Its pleasures, &c.

Then adieu to their charms, to their beauties adieu ;
 All thoughts of the sex I resign ;
 I fight in thy cause, to thy int'rest am true,
 And yield me eternally thine.
 And if ever, great master thy colours I fly,
 If e'er like a rover I pine,
 May, greatest of curses ! my hoghead run dry,
 Nor more be replenish'd with wine,—blest wine ;
 Nor more be replenish'd with wine.

S O N G X C I I I.

KITTY. *Or the female Phaeton.*

FAIR Kitty beautiful and young,
 And wild as colt untam'd ;
 Bespoke the fair from whom she sprung,
 With little rage inflam'd ;
 Inflam'd with rage at sad restraint
 Which wise mamma ordain'd,

And sorely vex'd to play the saint,
 Whilst wit and beauty reign'd.
 Must lady jenny frisk about
 And visit with her cousins ?
 At balls must she make all the rout,
 And bring home hearts by dozens ?
 What has she better, pray, than I,
 What hidden charms to boast,
 That all mankind for her should die,
 While I am scarce a toast ?
 Then, dear mamma, for once let me,
 Unchain'd my fortune try,
 I'll have my earl as well as she,
 Or know the reason why :
 Fond love prevail'd, mamma gave way,
 Kitty at hearts desire,
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
 And set the world on fire.

S O N G XCIV.

KATTY FELL. *Sung at Raneleigh.*

WHILE beans to please the ladies write,
 Or bards to get a dinner by't,
 Their well feign'd passion tell ;
 Let me in humble verse proclaim
 My love for her, who bears the name
 Of charming Kitty Fell.

That Kitty's beautiful and young,
 That she has danc'd, that she has sung,
 Alas ! I know full well :
 I feel, and I shall ever feel,
 The dart more sharp than pointed steel,
 That came from Kitty Fell.

Of

Of late I hop'd by reason's aid,
 To cure the wounds which love had made,
 And bade a long farewell:
 But to other day she cross'd the green,
 I saw, I wish'd I had not seen,
 My charming Kitty Fell.

I ask'd her why she pass'd that way,
 To church she cried, — I cannot stay,
 Why don't you hear the bell?
 To church, — oh! take me with thee there,
 I pray'd, she would not hear my pray'r,
 Ah cruel Kitty Fell.

And now I find 'tis all in vain,
 I live to love and to complain,
 Condemn'd in chains to dwell:
 For tho' she casts a scornful eye,
 In death my fault'ring tongue will cry,
 Adieu, dear Kitty Fell.

S O N G XCV.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung at Vauxhall.

SURE a lass in her bloom at the age of nineteen,
 Was ne'er so distress'd as of late I have been.
 I know not I vow any harm I have done,
 But my mother oft tells me she'll have me a nun.

Don't you think it a pity a girl such as I,
 Should be sentenc'd to pray, to fast and to cry;
 With ways so devout I'm not like to be won,
 And my heart it loves frolic too well for a nun.

To hear the men flatter, and promise, and swear,
 Is a thousand times better to me I declare;
 I can keep myself chaste, nor by wiles be undone;
 Nay besides I'm too handsome, I think, for a nun.

Not to love or be lov'd, oh ! I never can bear,
 Nor yield to be sent to, one cannot tell where ;
 To live or to die in this case were all one,
 Nay, I sooner would die than be reckon'd a nun.

Perhaps, but to teize me, she threatens me so,
 I'm sure, was she me, she would stoutly say no ;
 But, if she's in earnest, I from her will run,
 And be married, in spite, that I mayn't be a nun.

SONG XCVI.—

THE women all tell me I'm false to my lass,
 That I quit my poor Chloe, and stick to my
 glass :

But to you men of reason, my reasons I'll own ;
 And if you don't like them, why let them alone.

Altho' I have left her, the truth I'll declare,
 I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair ;
 But goodness and charms in a bumper I see,
 That makes it as good and as charming as she.

My Chloe had dimples and smiles I must own,
 But tho' she could smile, yet in truth she could frown ;
 But tell me, ye lovers of liquor's divine,
 Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine ?

Her lillies and roses were just in their prime,
 Yet lillies and roses are conquer'd by time ;
 But in wine from its age such a benefit flows,
 That we like it the better, the older it grows.

They tell me my love would in time have been
 cloy'd,

And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd ;
 But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy,
 For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

Let

Let murders and battles, and histories prove
 The mischiefs that wait upon rivals in love :
 But in drinking, thank heaven, no rival contends,
 For the more we love liquor, the more we are friends.

She too might have poison'd the joy of my life,
 With nurses and babies, and squalling and strife :
 But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring,
 And a big belly'd bottle's a mighty good thing.

We shorten our days when with love we engage ;
 It brings on diseases, and hastens old age :
 But wine from grim death can its votaries save,
 And keep out t'other leg, when there's one in the
 grave

Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to her word,
 She had left me—to get an estate or a lord :
 But my bumper regarding no title, nor pelf,
 Will stand by me while I can't stand by myself.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain ;
 She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain ;
 For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy :
 Should you doubt what I say—take a bumper
 and try

SONG XCVII. 2

Set by Mr. Baildon. Sung at Vauxhall.

PALÆMON lov'd Pastora,
 Pastora sigh'd for Damon ;
 But Damon lov'd Aurora,
 Aurora young Palæmon.

Palæmon gave Pastora,
 A wreath and shepherd's crook ;

I

And

And Damon gave Aurora,
A knot and reaping hook.

Pastora gave to Damon,
A cap with chaplets crown'd ;
Aurora gave Palæmon,
A pipe with hazel bound.

The cap with chaplets crown'd,
Young Damon gave Aurora ;
The pipe with hazel bound,
Palæmon gave Pastora.

The wreath and shepherd's crook,
Pastora gave to Damon ;
The knot and reaping hook,
Aurora gave Palemon.

So crossly turn'd their presents went,
Their loves so oddly varied ;
That every token which was sent,
It's true design miscarried.

† *Every verse to be repeated.*

S O N G XCVIII.

FILL me a bowl, a mighty bowl,
Large as my capacious soul ;
Fill me a bowl, a mighty bowl,
Large as my capacious soul :
Vast as my thirst is, let it have
Depth enough to be my grave ;
I mean the grave of all my care,
For I design to bury't there.

Let it of silver fashion'd be,
 Worthy of wine, worthy of me,
 Worthy to adorn the spheres,
 As that bright cup amongst the stars,
 Fill me a bowl, a mighty bowl,
 Large as my capacious soul.

SONG XCIX.

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly,
 Drink with me, and drink as I;
 Freely welcome to my cup,
 Couldst thou sip, and sip it up:
 Make the most of life you may;
 Life is short and wears away,
 Life is short, &c.

Both alike are mine and thine,
 Hastening quick to their decline;
 Thine's a summer, mine's no more,
 Tho' repeated to threescore;
 Threescore summers when they're gone,
 Will appear as short as one,
 Will appear, &c.

SONG C.

OH! would'st thou know what sacred charms
 This destin'd heart of mine alarms,
 This destined heart of mine alarms;
 What kind of nymph the heavens decree,
 The maid that's made for love and me.
 The maid that's made for love and me.

Who joys to hear the sigh sincere,
 Who melts to see the tender tear,
 Who melts, &c.

From each ungen'rous passion free,
Be such the maid that's made for me;
Be such, &c.

Whose heart with gen'rous friendship glows,
Who feels the blessings she bestows,
Who feels &c.

Gentle to all, but kind to me,
Be such the maid that's made for me;
Be such, &c.

Whose simple thoughts, devoid of art,
Are all the natives of her heart;
Are all the, &c.

A gentle train from falshood free,
Be such the maid that's made for me.
Be such, &c.

Avaunt ye light coquets, retire,
Where flatt'ring fops around admire,
Where flatt'ring fops around admire,
Unmov'd your tinsell'd charms I see,
More genuine beauties are for me,
More genuine beauties are for me,

SONG CI.

SICK of the town, at once I flew
To contemplation's rural seat;
Adieu, said I, vain world, adieu,
Fools only study to be great:
The book, the lamp, the hermit's cell,
The moss-grown roof, the matted floor;
All these I had—'twas mighty well;
But yet I wanted something more;
Yet I wanted, yet I wanted,
But yet I wanted something more.

Back

Back to the busy world again,
 I soon return'd, in hopes to find
 Ease for imaginary pain,
 Quiet of heart, and peace of mind :
 Gay scenes of grandeur ev'ry hour,
 By turns my fickle fancy fill ;
 The world seem'd all within my pow'r ;
 But yet I wanted something still,
 But yet, &c.

Cities and groves by turns were try'd ;
 'Twas all, ye fair, an idle tale :
 Celia at length became a bride,
 A bride to Damon of the vale :
 All nature smil'd ; the gloom was clear'd ;
 Damon was kind—I can't tell how ;
 Each place a paradise appear'd ;
 And Celia wanted nothing now ;
 Celia wanted, Celia wanted,
 And Celia wanted nothing now.

S O N G CII.

FLY swiftly ye minutes, 'till Comus receive,
 The nameless soft transports that beauty can
 give ;
 The bowls frolick joys let him teach her to prove,
 And she in return yields the raptures of love,
 And she in, &c.

Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain,
 All grandeur's insipid, and riches a pain :

The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave,
Love and wine give, ye Gods ! or take back what
ye gave ;

Love and wine give, ye Gods ! or take back what
ye gave.

C H O R U S.

Away, away, away,
To Comus court repair ;
There night outshines the day,
There yields the melting fair.

S O N G C I I I.

WOULD you taste the noon-tide air,
To yon fragrant bow'r repair ;
Where woven with the poplar bough,
The mantling vine will shelter you,
The mantling vine will shelter you.
Down each side a fountain flows,
Tinkling, murm'ring as it goes ;
Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
Lightly o'er, &c.
Sultry Phœbus scorching round.

Round the languid herds, and sheep,
Stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks sleep ;
While on the hyacinth and rose
The fair does all alone repose,
The fair, &c.
All alone, yet in her arms,
Your breast shall beat to love's alarms ;
'Till blest and blessing, you shall own,
The joys of love are joys alone,
The joys of love are joys alone.

S O N G

S O N G C I V.

AS Chloe came into the room t'other day,
 I peevish began, where so long cou'd you stay;
 In your life time you never regarded your hour,
 You promis'd at two, but, look Child! 'tis four:
 A lady's watch needs neither figures or wheels,
 'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with baubles and seals;
 A temper so heedless no mortal can bear;
 Thus far I went on with a resolute air,
 Thus far I went on with a resolute air.

Lord, bless me! says she, let a body but speak,
 Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fall'n into my neck;
 It has hurt me, and vex'd me, to such a degree,
 Look here! for you never believe me pray see!
 On the left side my breast what a mark it has made;
 So saying, her bosom she careless display'd:
 That scene of delight, I with wonder survey'd,
 And forgot ev'ry word I design'd to have said.

S O N G C V.

R E C I T A T I V E.

THE Chace is o'er, and on the plain,
 The hounds the lusty stag have slain;
 Let the horns with sprightly tone,
 All our sportive pleasures crown.

A I R,

Of Britons, thus the ancient race,
 With nervous toils pursue the chace;
 By no ungen'rous thoughts controul'd,
 Their hearts were honest, free, and bold,
 Their hearts were honest, free, and bold,
 Of Britons, &c.

Like

Like them again, no slaves to courts,
 Let Britons still pursue their sports ;
 Like them again, shall Britons be,
 As brave, as honest, and as free ;
 Like them again, shall Britons be,
 As brave as honest and as free.

S O N G C V I.

VAINLY now ye strive to charm me,
 All ye sweets of blooming May ;
 How should empty sun-shine warm me,
 While Lotharia keeps away ?
 While Lotharia keeps away.

Go, ye warbling birds, go leave me ;
 Shade, ye clouds, the smiling sky :
 Sweeter notes her voice can give me ;
 Softer sun shine fills her eye,
 Softer sun shine fills her eye.

S O N G C V I I.

Set by Mr. Berg. Sung at Ranelagh.

MY Kitty cries, was Damon wise,
 His Passions I'd approve ;
 But like the bee, so gay so free,
 Her merit's not my love :
 From maid to maid, his heart has stray'd,
 Which each new face has won ;
 My spirit's great, a share I hate,
 I'll have him all or none.

Her reas'ning such, I wonder much,
 Herself she cannot see ;
 For, oh ! the fawn, that skips the lawn,
 Is not so wild as she.

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Each am'rous swain, breath'd out his pain,
 To all she lends an ear;
 The case is thus, and which of us,
 In love's most insincere?

I often cry, dear Kitty why
 Shou'd youth in vain be spent;
 In Hymen's bands, let's join our hands,
 And live with each content:
 But her reply, commands a sigh,
 'Tis, Damon, patient wait;
 Grow wise and mend, I'll be your friend,
 And leave the rest to fate.

Ye pow'rs above, who rule o'er love,
 Our giddy thoughts confine;
 My heart wou'd her, o'er all prefer,
 Wou'd she be only mine:
 She thinks 'tis strange, that I shou'd range;
 I think she wastes her charms;
 And plainly see, we shan't agree,
 'Till in each other's arms.

S O N G CVIII.

JENNY GREY. *Sung by Mr. Beard.*

BRING, Phœbus from Parnassian bow'rs,
 A chaplet of poetic flowers,
 That far out bloom the May;
 Bring verse so smooth, bring thoughts so free,
 And all the muses heraldry,
 To blazon Jenny Grey.

Observe yon almonds rich perfume,
 Preventing spring with early bloom,
 In ruddy tints how gay:

Thus foremost of the blushing fair,
 With such a blithsome, buxom air,
 Blooms lovely Jenny Grey.

The merry, chirping, plumy throng,
 The bushes and the twigs among,
 That pipe the sylvan lay;
 All hush'd at her delightful voice,
 In silent extasy rejoice,
 And study Jenny Grey.

Ye balmy odour breathing gales,
 That lightly sweep the green rob'd vales,
 And in each rose-bush play:
 I know you all, you're arrant cheats,
 And steal your more than mortal sweets,
 From lovely Jenny Grey.

Pomona thou goddess bright,
 The maid's and florist's delight,
 In vain thy charms display;
 Nor can the nectarine's juicy peach,
 In richness or in sweetness reach
 The lips of Jenny Grey.

To the sweet knot of graces three,
 Th' immortal band of bards agree,
 A tuneful tax to pay;
 There yet remains of matchless worth,
 There yet remains a lovelier fourth,
 And she is Jenny Grey.

SONG

SONG CIX.

CANTATA. *Sung by Mr. Beard.*

ALL in her fair sequester'd cell,
 Where happiness was wont to dwell;
 Contentment sat with down cast look,
 And these for words, like these she spoke.
 Genius of Albion, wake thy queen,
 Lo ! Gallia clouds the peaceful scene.
 Bid her arise her wrongs to see,
 Protect herself and cherish me :

Britannia alarm'd at contentments request,
 In a voice that confess her, her people address.
 Cast the olive wreath off,

Arm ye Britons advance !
 Sound the trumpet, beat the drum,
 Point your thunders at France.
 Be brave and convince them their efforts are vain,
 For that King George of England is king of the
 main.

And that great like your fathers, those heroes of old,
 As you're born to be free you've the sense to be bold.
 Cast the olive wreath off,

Arm ye Britons, advance !
 Sound the trumpet, beat the drum,
 Point your thunders at France.
 Be brave and convince them their efforts are vain,
 For, that King George of England is King of the
 main.

SONG CX.

The HONEST CONFESSION. *Sung at Ranelagh.*

MY mother cries Betsy be shy,
 Whenever the men would intrude ;
 I know not the reason, not I,
 But I'd take her advice if I cou'd.

Alexis stept up t'other day
 To kifs me, and ask'd if he shou'd;
 Pray what could a shepherdes say;
 But I'd fain have said no if I cou'd.

My mother remembers the time
 When she like a Vestal was mew'd;
 Now, this I conceive was a crime,
 And I'd not be serv'd so if I cou'd.

If I'm with Alexis she'll chide,
 She says perhaps he may be rude;
 I will not pretend to decide,
 But I fancy he would if he cou'd.

Last may morn I tript o'er the plain,
 He saw me and quickly pursu'd,
 I heartily laugh'd at the swain,
 I'd catch you he cry'd if I cou'd.

Well, soon he o'ertook my best-haste,
 And swore he'd be constant and good,
 I vow I'll live decent and chaste,
 But I'd marry the swain if I cou'd.

F I N I S.

2 NO 66

SONG CX.

The Honest Comission. sung at Ranelagh.
 Y mother cries Betty be shy,
 Whenever the men would intrude;
 I know not the reason, not I,
 What I'd take her advice if I cou'd.

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